

GRASS BLADE.

LAST OF GOOD MORALS.

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NATURAL ENEMIES

ARE PLEASURE AND PIETY

THE CLERGY ALWAYS ARRAYED AGAINST POPULAR AMUSEMENTS

There was a time in the history of this country when the clergy ruled both state and society with an almost merciless despotism. Their power extended from the laughter of a child to the swearing into office of the governor of a colony. Along with selection, taxation, official selection, compulsory worship and Sabbath observance, every game, recreation, and even the style of apparel and dressing of the hair were prescribed by them. If a man observed anything in nature which would provoke him to a smile on the Sabbath, or if he should be tempted to kiss his wife on that holy day, the clerical wrath would be upon him.

Women were not allowed to make a noise in church as big as the squeak of a mouse. Then, as now, the only church offices to which they were eligible were scrubbers, beggars and waiters on the table at a church feast.

Children who look to the right or to the left of the path which led to Sunday School, and gave joyous expression at the sight of a bright-winged bird, or the frolic of a squirrel, had hearts as black as that which hovers over the impenetrable Styx fell upon the hearts of men and women a plain austere

plainly written in unmatchable letters. The

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tising, drinking and chasing a

These pious customs have been gradually put aside, as proportion as the clergy have receded from power, and innocent games and sports according to the hearts of child and man have come into vogue.

But we can not help but reflect upon what would be the present social condition throughout the whole world, if the energy reigned supreme, as then. Would not the same, unchecked religious zeal conduct to the same sorrows, depressing conditions?

Every well informed historian knows that men and governments are not better today on account of the clergy, but instead the clergy are better on account of the rebellious protests of men and governments. Between an arctic sanctity and tropical doom, all joy and gladness were driven from the human heart.

It is within the memory of most of us when music and the drama were the chief instruments with which the devil ensured the souls of men. If the stage could have but one way the world would have had no Mozart, no Beethoven, no Verdi, no Wagner, no Strauss—nothing in the line of music but piano singing, doxology and funeral marches. We would have had no Shakespeare, Sheridan, Booth and Jefferson, but instead the Knox, Westley, Edwards and Taintons would furnish alone our public entertainments.

Fiction was the next in line with pure hellishness. The world would have had no Scotts, Bulwers, Ellotts, Hugos, Irving, Hawthornes and Tolstoys. Romance and imagination have been checked with the thought of the world of the fire and brimstone preached. But the effect of the gospel of liberal thought is well manifested in the fact that ministers themselves notably Rev. Charles Sheldon, Rev. Charles Goss and Rev. John Watson, are now producing works of fiction. Thus the preachers to-day count the damnable sins of yesterday.

Dancing was equally as monstrous as music, in fact its twin devil. The supple grace, the exquisite ease, the poetry of motion of which the human body is capable were wholly lustful in the minds of the clergy, who somehow more than other people possess a superior instinct in detecting lust. All books and histories of a religious character would have been suppressed. The nude art would never have been pictured.

Mirth was corrupting and sacrilegious. Why should a man laugh when

in each minute of his feeling existence his soul is in danger of being plunged a million feet deep into the white heated furnace of hell?

Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Mark Twain and the many bright beings who have made sorrowing humanity forget for a few moments its cankerous griefs and tollsome cares would have been compelled to wear a Jonathan Edwards countenance, and their infectious mirth be turned to grievous gloom and sourset sanctity. All humor was utterly dispicable, detracting the mind from the holy contemplation necessary for the salvation of the soul. To be sure, there was a desire to furnish a kind of supernatural happiness hereafter. To relax from solemnity was to revere the devil. The poems as Bobbs Burns and Eugene Field would have been blotted from the human memory, for their impious insolence in daring to write such verses as "Willie brewed a peck of malt" and "The clink of the ice in the pitcher."

The marvelous power, speed, spirit and endurance of that wonderful animal, the horse, would never have been developed. His highest service would have ended in carrying saints to a church at a gait not exceeding a comfortable walk.

Women would never have been permitted to dress in colors brighter than the somber gloom of a parson's face. Notwithstanding this God had dressed this earth in myriad hues of blended light, and caused it with the masterpiece of his creation to be a masterpiece of beauty. The world is drenched in the blood of struggling patriots, and their power is always retrograde. They exhibit this narrow-mindedness and inconsistency in rising on mass to oppose a glove contest or the Sunday opening of an agricultural fair, while the world is being drenched in the blood of struggling patriots, and of defenseless, unarmed, half-civilized women and bairns, and not a single person is seen to interfere.

Barbarities and cruelties, savage, horrid and monstrous, have been committed in the name of Christian civilization within the last few years, and what regard was given them by the clergy? What mention was even made of these national crimes?

Christian soldiers have impaled Chinese babies on their bayonets, tossed them into the air to be caught upon other bayonets held in Christian hands. Duplicities human, beast, men, women and children have been slaughtered and pitched into Chinese rivers in such numbers that their swollen corpses have impeded the passage of large steamers. Filipino villages have been burned to the ground and children and the aged and sick created before the throne which you are commanding. But, alas, it will be too late. The Devil shall call you into his fire, and put your paper under you to burn your corrupt soul.

You are a walking Devil, roaming the earth. Robbing them of their religion and subduing them with your dirty, low, mean paper, and robber, there is a day when you will stand before the throne which you are commanding. But, alas, it will be too late. The Devil shall call you into his fire, and put your paper under you to burn your corrupt soul.

You are a thief in the sight of God, and the Devil upon earth. The Devil is in need of Christ."

Over the first page he has poured ink and smeared it over, and on the second and third pages he has marked out nearly everything with his pen, and then poured ink on it and folded it together, so as to make a magnificient book of it. The reading and spelling are good, but he does not know punctuation and capitalization.

It is right and proper to be grieved to think that in this enlightened age and in such a country as Canada, any man who could read and write, would be so ignorant and bigoted and full of religious hate, but his performance amused me.

Do you suppose that man really

thinks there are any such things as hell and the Devil and God, or is it just because his whole heart and brain are filled with religious hate and he is just trying to scare me by telling me about such things?

It would seem that common sense would suggest to him that I would not be afraid of the things with which he threatens me. He is a priest, and priests and preachers, one of whom I suppose this man is, to realize that they know no argument for their religion, and as they make their money out of it, all they can do is to abuse and threaten those who do not believe as they do or pretend to believe.

I suppose that if man had the power, he would burn me at the stake, as the Christians used to do Infidels when the Christians had the power.

They are no better now than they were then and they do not hang and burn Infidels now as they did then, simply because Infidelity has robbed them of the power to do so, and left them so that they cannot do any worse than use ugly, vile language and set it through the mails and on periodicals for liberal by concealing their names.

It shows that people ought to appreciate the work that Infidelity has done more highly than they do.

There would be no such thing as liberty in this country if Infidelity had not destroyed the power of Christianity. But that Canadian is much more consistent in being a Christian than as a citizen of the United States could be.

The New Testament says "Honor the King," and the postage stamp on his wrapper has on it a picture of that was left of the once God like form was an infant saint encased in a shrunk bag of skin and bones, and such manner of physical debasement, much of which was as disgusting as

horrible, is clasped with spirituality and reverence, and pointed to with a pious bragadocio showing the physical endurance the Christian may be capable of. Carefully guarding their own bodily comfort, the clergy have ever pointed the rest of humanity to the examples of the saints until gradually mankind grew to believe that pure religion and undefiled depended wholly upon contempt of the physical and repose of bodily chastisement.

The world has outgrown this idea, just as it has always out grown the clergy. It knows better.

Consistency should be a jewel especially to those who set themselves up as religious standards and teach others. The clergy have the same right of protest in this country accorded to other classes of citizens.

Most of their work is praiseworthy and useful, and much is done with solicitude and care with the advanced

and young citizens, but as a class, are not above the average, as criminal statistics will show. The majority of them are narrow-mindedness of puritanism, and their power is always retrograde.

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A CANADIAN CHRISTIAN WHO WISHES I WAS IN HELL

Some one has sent me a copy of the Blade of September 3, in a wrapper having on it a Canadian stamp.

The paper has no address on it and some one has probably sent some one knowing the man to be a religious fanatic.

The way the Canadian men has expressed his appreciation of the Blade is interesting.

My picture up in the northwest corner, not he blackened all over with ink, I suppose that I am blacker than any man or woman I ever saw. He has erased the word editor and substituted "Thief."

Then on the margin opposite my picture he has written, "If you had your sinful countenance out of this paper it would take a little more."

Sin and damnation is (his grammar-Editor) in your deceitful countenance, you old hypocrite! Remember the Devil knows his own.

Along the bottom of the first page is written "God is love" He forgive sins, so prepare for his glorious kingdom and make an honest living and Christ will forgive you".

Up at the top he has changed my headline so as to make it read, "Edited by a heathen, in the interest of the Devil."

Along the top margin and down the right side he has written, "You will be in hell yet, and your dirty paper will help to burn your already damned soul."

You are a walking Devil, roaming the earth. Robbing them of their religion and subduing them with your dirty, low, mean paper, and robber, there is a day when you will stand before the throne which you are commanding. But, alas, it will be too late. The Devil shall call you into his fire, and put your paper under you to burn your corrupt soul.

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If Edward was one of the best men in the world no citizen of the United States could consistently honor him, but the Christian religion plainly requires that all men should honor the king, though as in the case of Edward he is a gambler and a rake who drove his wife from home by his indecency with bad women.

We cannot do anything with men like this one who sends the disguised Blade to me. They are incapable of reasoning, and all the world over to redeem and save such people is to be good people ourselves, and set them good examples both in our practice and in our precept.

MRS MARILLA M. RICKER,

Writes About Elbert Hubbard and himself.

Dover, New Hampshire, Sep. 22, 1906.

Charles C. Moore.

Mr. Editor—I feel so bad to see why the world is so bad that I must speak.

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Editor
UNION-LEADER

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and see for yourself the opportunities for making money—for home building in Oklahoma, Indiana and Texas. Prospects were never brighter, the crops are fine and show plainly the possibilities of the Southwest for you. There is need of more hands to develop the country. The Southwest is vast and unpopulated land producing the kind of wealth which it is capable of. Practically the same things is true of these towns. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts for the right men. Are you one?

An exceptional offer.

Enable you to see the Southwest, the M. K. and T. Railway, will, on Oct. 12th and Nov. 7th and 21st, sell round trip tickets to all points in the Southwest at LESS THAN ONE FAIR RATE.

Tickets permit of STOPOVERS going and returning, and are good twenty-one days from date of sale.

Write now to our office for our paper, "The Coming Country."

GEORGE MORTON,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

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An Exceptional Offer.

On the first and third Tuesdays of October, November and December, you can purchase tickets Southwest, via the M. K. and T. Railway at LESS THAN ONE FAIR RATE.

This is your one and greatest opportunity of seeing the land of prosperity for yourself. Tickets permit of stopovers going and returning and are good twenty-one days from date of sale.

Write now for particulars and be sure and get a copy of my paper "The Coming Country."

S. G. LANGSTON,

General Immigration Agent

St. Louis.

and business is
that the Lord
his life, which
blow if he was
Dutch, Yankees,
bring his dead
to them all.
in the Med-
sailed in a cir-
in diameter,
and calculating
needs.

How
elip that kind of sailing unless he is
going to send a cyclone.

I
much in prayer but
I didn't have gall enough to pitch for
a cyclone when we were going in
among some of those rocky islands
along in the Egean Sea, where Venice
was born, and around Joppa where
Jonah and the whale had that scrap
and around Corinica and Elba, where
old Bonaparte—Léon XIII—was born
and where they had him "in hoc," and
up there in the Hellespont where
Leander and Bryton were in swimming
and both died about it. See
"Dog Fennel in the Orient."

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Some one has sent me a copy of the "Juvenile Instructor," a Mormon Magazine. In it, under the head "Mysteries Ways" a man writes a piece and signs it "C. K. H.". In that piece occurs the following:

"I stayed as earnestly to God as any of my children have ever stayed to manifest to me some sign that I could misunderstand that this was His work and not a delusion. As I did as he said, and my eyes were closed, the heavens opened right where my eyes were centered, and a large ball of fire came down slanting to the window where I stood. At the moment of the descent, a portion left, and from that time to the present I have never doubted any of the principles of the God of creation."

The unknown party who sent me the magazine marked that passage and asks "Is this man a lunatic or just a plain fool?"

Answer as follows:

"He is neither a lunatic nor a plain fool; he is just a plain liar."

972

IS THE NUMBER OF COPIES OF
"DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT"
SUBSCRIBED FOR TO THIS DATE

..Send in you order for Dog Fennel in the Orient and help swell the list to two thousand copies by August 1st.

There seems some
tach that it is not as much larger than
some others as the difference in the
prices would warrant us in expecting.
Mr. Hughes has arranged it by the
postage card system, that \$2.50 can be
paid for a club of five in the easiest
possible way, and I want to print in
the Blade one thousand letters on this
subject.

As I do but a small part of the writing
of this paper, and do not receive
any of the money that is sent it,
and am embarrassed financially,
my home being for sale, that I cannot
further assist the Blade myself, I do
not want any other paper to be responsible
in this, so asking the Blade have
a larger circulation than any other
Freethought publication in America,
and in writing in thinking this,
just write me, better and say so, and
call me down, giving your full address
and I will print it.

Everybody can see that now the
preachers are afraid of the Blade
(is that its teachings are not, every
week, sent to many thousands of people
more than now read them, and
this would be the case if the friends
of the Blade were as numerous and
nearly as generous with it as the
friends of other Infidel papers are
with their favorites?)

Everybody is in the habit of publications
are constantly having money given
them, in some instances thousands of
dollars, and some of them publish reg-
ularly, and many of them the money that
is given them for "raising funds,"

that is money that is given them to
assist in their publications.

Of course, the Blade has "right to
give" straight out to Mr. Hughes, and
Mr. Hughes has the right to receive
such donations and I would rather
such people would give more money
than I do to anything to help the
Blade, my decided preference is that
for every single dollar sent him he
shall be required to send the paper
to me, and I will give him \$2.50 for
every sum of \$2.50 he shall be re-
quired to send five papers to some
body. I hope that this everywhere,
both, North and South, men and
women from rich and poor, old
and young, I will receive letters upon
this subject.

If you can give, or in any other way
help to increase the circulation of the
Blade do all that you can and say so,
and if you cannot do anything say so,
and the others will be pleased just
alike, but contented in those where
they seem unnecessarily long.

Please remember now that the great
task before the rulers of the world,
and for this the world is given prom-
inence over all others, is letters to be
written to it on this subject, and I
would suggest as a general head the
question, "Shall we help the Blade?"

Please do not wait a single day to
write on this head, but write your
letters now; I want to fill the Blade
with them on this subject. Mr.
Hughes will prepare a big heading;
"Shall we help the Blade?" to appear
on its first page. Let us hear from
you.

most interested to be taken up and considered with fairness and frankness should be permitted to contribute short articles. Special sessions might be given to the consideration of questions which are practically ignored by the average student. My second list, now I offer this as a suggestion for the consideration and comment of all. We must try to interest the young people. It is a subject which appears to me to be not only a practical one but an immediate necessity. Let us hear from others.

WHERE CAIN FOUND HIS WIFE

Biblical Proof that Adam Was Not the First Man—Ancient Races of Men.

The following article was handed in by a friend of The Sentinel with a request to publish. It is curious and interesting to my mind, and the name attached to it assures us that it is not heretical, although it may be higher-critical. Accompanying the request was the following array of points of interest:

Who Was Cain's Wife?
Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic?
Born before history?
Mais of Phoenicia,
Egypt, Armenia, India,
Or pre-Adamic Nubia?
Who was her father?
Was he a Viking?
Came he not just to his Uking?
One of the vilenesses
Over the water,
Into the where,
Bringing his daughter,
Nat, Norway,
Denmark or Sweden,
Lured by the charms
Of the garden of Eden?
Blonde or prettette was she?
Romantic, stunner?
Fier or frigid?
Hasty or tender?
Why are her graces,
Unknown or famous?
Who did she meet her?
What was her name?
Whisper it softly—
Say can it be—
Then the lady we seek
Was R. Haggard's She?
Tell me, ye sages
Students of Life
Answer my query—
Who was Cain's wife?

That Adam was not the first man is evidenced from science, history and scripture. The author has had a general knowledge of the first and second, but of the Biblical evidence they are too often wholly ignorant. Many, therefore, will be glad to learn that there is strong natural evidence for the existence of man prior to the creation of Adam.

At the expulsion of Cain from Eden we read that he plied with Jehovah thus. "Everyone that findeth me live on dust, and could not unless

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the Gilborim sh
distinction which
shows they we
and the word fo
"ancient time," or "old" in Islam.
This is the Hebrew equivalent for the
Greek alon and the English dispensa
tion, and means an indefinite period
of time, which may extend to tens of
thousands of years. Other connotat
ions apply to the Adamites. They
had only been in existence a few hun
dred years.

In Genesis vi. 4, we read of the Beni Elohim, "sons of the Elohim." The Elohimites are mentioned subsequently in several passages, notably in Job, v. 7; II. 1. and Psalms, viii, 5 and ix, 1. The first time we read of them is in Genesis vi. 1, where it is read as Elohim ("serpent"). They were in the garden of Eden before Adam was formed. They had charge of "the tree of knowledge." They must have exercised judicial func
tions. In Genesis vi. 4, "the sons of the nobles" are condemned for hav
ing formed matrimonial alliances with "the daughters of Adam."

In the garden of Eden we find another race, the Cherubim. These Cherubim had charge of "the tree of life" and exercised priestly functions. They held the highest office in the church in Eden, and, according to St. John in the Apocalypse, hold the same office in the church in heaven. It is supposed that the Cherubim are in the highest order of angels. But this is a great mistake.

"The four winged creatures" (R. V.) are alluded to by Biblical scholars to be the Cherubim, once in Paradise in paradise. In Revelations iv and v., they are represented to us as among them who sing the "new song" for the ransom. "They caused to ascend us with thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Here the Cherubim acknowledge their original residence in Eden. They were men, but distinct from Adam's race, for they were in existence before Adam's creation, for 166,000 years, as might well know.

In Genesis ii. 17, we read, "And the Lord God formed Adam of the dust of the ground." The word translated "dust" is aphor. "Aphor" cannot pos
sibly mean common particles of earth, because Adam was not made of such particles. It is this aphor
that was to eat of all the days of his life." But the serpent did not

yield its carbon to the sun, which
could be gathered from the sun
brought together on the surface of the sun. A mountain of rock
in Missouri, ten miles in diameter,
is the same as the mountain to the east
across the river and set on
a prairie which is 10 miles
long to be burned by iron
and thus to acidulate the
waters, before so many
iron comets have
around and
under stars.

The iridescent
we do not
to imagine
of other
times. A
universe,
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miles, from
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